THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE;

OR

Weekly Intelligence

IN THE CIVIL, NATURAL, MORAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS WORLDS.

CALCULATED PARTICULARLY FOR THE PERUSAL OF THE YOUNG, AND THOSE OF RETIRED HABITS OF LIFE.

PUBLISHED INDEPENDENTLY OF ANY INTERESTED PARTY ATTACHMENT, AND WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE PRINCIPLES OF TRUTH AND PURITY.

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FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Reflections occasioned by attending the burial of an aged person—who died after a short illness.

To die, is the common lot of mankind:—the great birth-right of the sons of Adam. Born into the world to take a short circle, and return again to dust, from whence they came. To flourish a while on the stage of action, and be no more! Or pass a life of probation in obscurity, unknown to the world, and drop into the grave, unheeded by the thoughtless crowd, and remembered no more. What is fame! What is honour! Vain, empty and delusive phantoms—unless founded on the immutable basis of genuine virtue and goodness of heart. Then, then may they survive awhile in this lower world: for "the memory of the just "is blessed: but the name of the wicked "shall rot." It is the determinate decree of Heaven,—the unalterable counsel of the Most High, that "such as we "sow, such shall we reap. If we sow to "the flesh, of the flesh we shall reap "corruption; but if we sow to the spi-"rit, of the spirit we shall reap life "everlasting." Let us then, who yet are left behind, seriously and daily lay these things to heart. Not superficially attend the funeral of those removed before us from works to rewards, and centered in a state of everlasting fixedness, according to the deeds done in the body; but let every such solemn season—every such awful dispensation, become productive of advantage to us, permanent and everlasting advantage, by deeply considering and laying to heart, the awfulness and certainty of death, and that soon, perhaps very soon, we shall have to realize the truth thereof. For here we have no lease of life: our minutes are dealt out to us as it were by measure.—The sand of life runs silently and swiftly, never more to return. And thus the incessant wheel of time hurls round hours, days, weeks, months and years, with a swift and irresistible force. Soon its number of revolutions allotted to our state of existence here, may be completed—soon the important space of time may terminate, and the awful herald proclaim, "It is done! forever past and gone!" Then "as the tree falls, so it lies." There is no recalling the wings of time! There is no repentance in the grave, whither we are hastening. How important! how awfully important is it then, that we make a right use of every added day, of every hour and minute thus mercifully measured out to us, in order that we may become sanctified and prepared against the awful period, when the circle of our existence here shall be completed that so the day of death may be the morning of an everlasting day of joy and happiness. How necessary, that every such subject of mortality should be improved, as a memento of our own dissolution. And let none of us shrink from a view of the solemn subject, because nature feels reluctant. It is the school of wisdom: for "nothing teaches like death." It is a powerful monitor to arouse us from that state of stupefaction and insensibility, into which we are too apt to be lulled by prosperity, health and ease. Let us not relinquish the awful consideration, because "our veins are full of blood, and our bones full of marrow;" for there is no assurance in these, no safety nor exemption from the irresistible arrows of death. The soundest health, may, in a few hours or minutes be reduced to the brink of the grave.—Let neither wealth nor poverty, riches, splendour nor earthly engagements, draw the mind into forgetfulness of the awful period; but in all places and at all times; in all conditions and in all circumstances, let us ever bear in mind, "to act as men, because as men we must die:" to act as becomes the important station in which we are placed; to *live* so that we may *ever* be ready to die. And Oh! that we may not deceive ourselves with a false hope of heaven and happiness hereafter. Let us remember that heaven is love, even as God is love: that nothing but what is of the nature of that pure, holy and spotless lamb of God, who came to save men from their sins, can ever be admitted into that heaven of *light* and *love*, where God Almighty sits enthroned in brighest beams of incomprehensible purity. Let us examine ourselves daily, that by the help of that holy light which he hath given us, that measure of his own pure, eternal spirit and power, we may discover what there is in us, in our nature and disposition, in our conduct and conversation, that is not of that divine principle of light and love. All cruelty, all discord, all strife and contention, all unlawful attachments to earthly objects, must be overcome, must be done away. Every thing that is not of that holy, humble, meek, lamb-like, loving and forgiving nature, must be washed out, must be removed from our minds, before we have any just and reasonable ground to hope for an admission into that state of happiness and peace, which is prepared for those, and those only who follow the lamb. It is utterly impossible and inconsistent with the nature of things, to suppose that two spirits can dwell together in Heaven, while any seed of hatred, enmity or ill will, or any thing but love, divine love, subsists between them. This divine love is the cement, the union o[f] the spirits of the just, for it is the ve[ry] nature and substance of God himself, [ac]cording to the Apostle's doctrine: "[God] "is *Love:* and he that dwelleth in *Lo[ve]* "dwelleth in *God*, and *God* in him." When this comes to be our happy ex[pe]rience, then may we have a rational hop[e]

an unshaken assurance of a glorious admission into the mansions of light and love, whenever the period of our existence in this state of probation shall arrive.

Let us then lay hold of every opportunity in mercy offered us, to improve our time and talents in preparing for our final farewell, seeing we know not how soon we may be arrested by the cold hand of death! Let us labour after that state of mind which is ever influenced by divine love. Let us strive, yea, let us often seek after a spirit of supplication, to pray for help and ability to subdue and eradicate every passion, every desire, every habit and every thought that is contrary to divine love: that so, this holy, heavenly principle of love to God, and one another, may predominate in our souls, and influence all our thoughts, words and actions, from day to day, all the days of our lives. Then, then shall we receive admission into the arms of infinite love and mercy, and be numbered with the spirits of the just, whenever the appointed time arrives, whether soon or late, in youth or more advanced age. After this happy state of mind let us labour with increasing diligence and unremitted fervency—saith my soul.

E.

11*th mo.* 1800.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

On the death of S. Fothergill, W. Hunt, and J. Woolman.—By M. B. of Europe.

Whence O my friend that sadly pensive sigh?
Whence those descending sympathetic tears?
Has *thy* firm bosom met the adverse shock?
Or dost thou feel *another's* secret wo?
No—'tis a general universal grief,
That swells thy bosom with augmenting pangs;
Thou mourn'st for Zion; mourn'st the churches loss,
Repeated losses recently sustain'd,
By the removal of her valliant sons—
For who can view her stately pillars gone,
Those firm supports of virtue's weighty dome,
And unite in tributary tears——
No more a FOTHERGILL with truth's bright shield,
Maintain's the dignity with Christian zeal;
No more he shines the mirror of the good,
The perfect standard of accomplish'd man,——
Whate'er of great the moralist can boast,
Whate'er superior grace religion gives,
In him portray'd a finish'd character.
With what persuasive nervous eloquence,
His lips have utter'd this endearing call;
Ye rising youth the hope of future times,
You who have felt the cords of heavenly love
To draw and disengage you from the world;
Keep near that quickening vivifying power,
Which freed from bondage Israel's favour'd sons,
So shall you grow to glad parental care,
And stand as warriors in defence of truth:
On you the important cause must soon devolve,
O be ye faithful, upright and sincere.
No more he speaks, his flowing periods cease,
No more he lights devotion's sacred flame,
No longer warms and aids the ascending soul
To scale the altar when his virtues flow'd,
For all proceeded from the throne of grace.
His light, his love, his ardent charity,
Were but the emanations of that sun
Whose rays diffusive are the Christian's strength:
His bow, his battle-axe, his only hope.

Nor less rever'd the memory of HUNT,
That noble veteran in his master's cause,
Who greatly left his wife his native land,
With every pledge that renders life most dear,
To purchase that best gift a peaceful mind.
You who have oft retir'd with him to sit,
In inward silence awful and profound,
Beneath the shade of Sinai's cloudy top,
To waite the unfoldings of mysterious love;
You only know the deep and ardent travail
Of his mind, his sympathetic mind,
In fellow-labouring lent a secret strength,
With yours uniting, raising life to light.

And thou Oh WOOLMAN! venerable seer!
Art highly worthy of the plaintive lay;
In thee the astonish'd gazing world admire,
What their degenerate age can rarely boast,
A faithful follower of a suffering Lord.
'Twas thine the painful thorny path to tread;
'Twas thine to bear a Saviour's dying cross;
Redeem'd from earth and earth's perplexing cares,
Redeem'd from lawful, and unlawful self.
Thy mind was tutor'd, fitted and prepar'd
To enjoy the highest privilege of man:
A near communion with eternal good;
A fellowship celestial while below;
The certain earnest of immortal bliss.—
Here stop my pen, a larger sketch forbear,
Of what, their retrospective virtues preach:
Their bright examples thus address mankind:
Our painful, arduous warfare, now is past,
Our minds releas'd from earth's penurious soil,
Are gone to enjoy the liberty they lov'd:
A full fruition of triumphant joy,
For which we labour'd in our militant state.
Mourn not for us;—the living claim your tears,
Weep for the dead in trespass and in sin:
Tread the same steps that center'd us in rest,
By good examples call to the supine:
The young encourage; animate the weak;
Comfort the mourners; strengthen those that faint;
That Zion thus may shake herself, and shine,
With the bright lustre of her ancient days.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

To the Editors.

As you notice in terms of approbation the Boston Asylum, a valuable Female Institution, for the charitable purpose of "relieving, instructing, employing and assisting, female orphan children," I conjecture it will be gratifying to you to hear of others in different parts of the United States, in addition to that of which you have made mention in your paper. They all have in view some one or more of the objects of the Boston Asylum. If I am correctly informed, there are in Philadelphia three; two of which are instituted for the relief and employment of the indigent and afflicted. A house is opened for such as can work, in which they are furnished with such business as they can perform, provided with decent, wholesome food, and allowed reasonable wages for what they do. The object of the other is the free instruction of poor children, for which a school is constantly kept open. It is said there is at least one charitable society in each of the following places: viz. in Salem, (Mass.) Providence, (R. I.) Portsmouth, (N. H.) New York, Wilmington, (Del.) Baltimore, and Charleston, (S. C.)

Besides these, there is an association of females in and about Boston, entitled the "Cent Institution;"—each subscriber contributes one cent per week, for the purpose of distributing bibles and religious tracts among the poorer class of people. A similar institution is formed in Hampshire county, (Mass.) and another in Connecticut, each member paying in like manner, one cent a week, to be appropriated as above mentioned. The Ladies of N. Hampshire, actuated by a like spirit, are also entering into an association for the charitable distribution of books.

Every friend to benevolence and religion must be pleased with such manifestations of female piety, inasmuch as they afford us reason to hope that the happiest consequences will result from them, both to individuals, and to society at large.

They are calculated to meliorate the condition of the wretched, to enlighten the ignorant, and to aid the cause of virtue and religion. It is to be hoped that examples so worthy of imitation will claim still further attention. Much is within the power of such female associations to perform, and I sincerely hope they may be encouraged to persevere in their laudable undertakings.

E.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Lines by a female residing in Philadelphia, to one of her own sex who had removed and settled in Norfolk.

The distance wide, forbids to taste
The sweets of Friendship's rich repast,
In converse oft enjoy'd,
Yet can we not my absent friend,
Our sympathetic wishes blend?
Tho' converse be deny'd.

Tho' weeks and months, and years are gone,
Tho' various changes we have known,
Since first we felt we lov'd;
None, none have chang'd, that interest warm,
Which gave to every scene, its charm,
And every wish improv'd.—

Speaks not *my pen thy language* too?
Canst thou not days of joy review!
And pleasures call to mind!
When each could feel the others wo,
Or *warm'd* with *friendship's purest* glow,
Each joy each wish were join'd.

But now my dear, tho' thou art bound,
By Hymen's silken bands around,
In wedlock's lasting chains;
Yet still there's room, (I hope) for me,
For I retain a place for thee,
And feel thy joys and pains.

Tho' long my pen has silent been,
Tho' long since I my friend have seen,
I have not yet forgot,
How far she is from those who form'd,
The circle which so oft has charm'd:
How lonely is her lot!

Yet with myself she's greatly bless'd,
The Truth must *ever* stand confess'd,
A choice companion's gain'd,
Whose sweet society is more,
To her, than friends—a *valued store*,
Tho' these had still remain'd.

But let me ask, nor think it strange—
Is there some prospect of a change?
Or are you quite content,
To leave your friends, to mourn their loss?
While you pursue the tinsel dross,
With minds an interest bent.

Think not my friends I mean to charge,
And lest I wound, I'll not enlarge,
But let me say *beware*,
The firm, the great, the wise and good,
Have by this means their peace withstood,
And drop'd into the snare.

Then *come* to cordial friendship *come*,
And claim your long deserted *home*,
Let me successful prove,
In gaining what I long have crav'd;
Come, be by silken bonds enslav'd;
Nor wander from my *love*.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Messieurs Editors,

I send for your insertion, if you think proper, the following little anecdote, with the hope that it may induce others to "cast their bread upon the waters," and to induce a belief, that even upon the score of personal interest, it may be well to lend an ear to the tale of the "way worn traveller" in distress.

In the year 1802 I resided in N. York, and in a morning walk, my attention was particularly attracted by the appearance of a woman, seemingly a stranger, in great distress. As I passed her, I observed her to be weeping. I walked on about a square, but the idea of the suffering stranger made me resolve to return and know her circumstances. I observed her to speak to several females, of whom I asked her business. I was informed that she was seeking for employment, but my informers added with a sneer, that they believed she would not suffer, as "there were places enough for such creatures." I now found myself more than ever resolved to know and assist her, if it was within my power. I soon overtook her, & offered her my assistance in few words, which was accepted in such a manner as paid me in advance for the favour I intended her. As we passed through the city to my abode, the rising muscles and low language of some, would have been enough to make me desist from my purpose, and leave her to her hard fate, had not the consciousness of doing my duty, raised me above the raillery of those, who perhaps, never knew the pleasure of doing a generous action.

After keeping her in my family, for some days, I found a distant relation of hers, from the same country, who in his youth had left his native land, and had fixed his residence in N. York. She went to live with him, and as I soon removed from N. York, I had not heard of her, and only occasionally thought of the circumstance, till the last week, when she recognised me in a street in this city, and overwhelmed me with acknowledgements for the trifling favour I had once rendered her. She and her husband (for she was married since I first saw her) paid my family a visit, and insisted upon giving me a testimony of their esteem, of more value than I could in conscience receive upon any consideration. When they left us, she said, that though she must leave the city in a few days, I might depend upon hearing from her again.—Some days elapsed, when I received by an unknown hand, the following letter, inclosing a bank check for two hundred dollars.

WORTHY SIR,

I cannot employ the last moment I am to remain in the city, more agreeably than in expressing my gratitude to you, to whom I am under the strongest obligations. In heart, I always felt my obligation to you, and never ceased to send up a petition to the throne of grace in your favour. But till lately, I have not been in a situation to give you the testimony of my gratitude, which accompanies this. Though this may not add to the happiness which is the fruit of generous actions, it may tend to lighten your care for the support of a promising family. I must now bid you farewell, and may heaven's blessing cease not to accompany you and your worthy wife through this world of tears, until we shall all meet in the mansions of peace, in the enjoyment of that bliss which is prepared for the children of God.

MARY.

I am now happy, not that I received a pecuniary acknowledgement, but that it may be an incentive to others, to "go and do likewise," under the persuasion, that "he who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," and that it will finally be paid with compound interest, and that in coin which the world can neither give nor destroy—

"The soul's calm sunshine."

CHARITY.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

To the Editors.

The author of the following interesting piece of poetry, (who is now deceased) was engaged to an amiable and virtuous young woman, for whom he entertained the purest and most disinterested passion, of which the heart of man is capable,—but before the time arrived in which their secret engagements were to be publicly declared, and the hymenian bonds were to unite them in everlasting union, he became impressed with religious doubts respecting the propriety of proceeding—which doubts being communicated by him, to her, they mutually agreed, that it would be most consistent with their religious duty, to live as they then did; without suffering any diminution of their love for each other.—He shortly after came to reside in Philadelphia, where under the tender impressions occasioned by the separation, he wote the following lines: which if you deem worthy of a place in your paper, you will oblige a friend by inserting.

PHILETUS.

CONTEMPLATION.

Whence this strange conflict in my anxious breast,
And my fond heart depriv'd of its repose;
Why is my mind deny'd its wonted rest,
And future prospects chang'd to present woes?

In solitary shades I seek relief,
And meditate upon my hapless fate;
No thought occurs to mitigate my grief,
Or pleasing image sorrow to abate.

Oh! where sweet consolation shall I find,
Or satisfaction when I think on thee?
Thy dear idea hangs upon my mind,
"Thy image steps betwixt my G—d and me."

When sorrows thicken and when ills depress,
And fortune wrecks me on the adverse shore;
What charm can soothe me in this keen distress,
Relieve my anguish and my peace restore?

Thy ways, O! Righteous Judge, are just and true,
Nor ought we to repine at thy decree;
The paths of Virtue those that do pursue,
A powerful friend will ever find in thee.

Be pleas'd Oh! Father to extend thy care,
Nor let me faint beneath thy chastening hand;
Renew my comfort and dispel my fear,
And make me subject to thy just command.

And thou dear partner of my plaintive strain,
When melancholy views corrode thy breast;
May Heaven pity and relieve thy pain,
And set thy tender heart and mind at rest.

May Heaven's peculiar care thy grief allay,
Thy happiness through life vouchsafe t' increase;
And guardian angels meet thee on thy way,
And lead thee gently to the realms of Peace.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

ALMANACS.

To the Editors,

I am one of those who do not admire a book solely because it is large, neither because the bookseller has taken care to adorn it sumptuously, in the paper, type and binding. Many a little and well written tract, has from its intrinsic worth, conduced to my entertainment and instruction, and among others, I have frequently read, with singular interest and delight, the little annual volume upon the weather, and the other celestial phenomena. Its information is rare, its morals pithy, and its circulation almost universal. Something however, for the improvement of this little favourite with the public, seems necessary, in several instances ; and some of these I shall endeavour to point out.

In the first place, I very much commend the attempts which in some instances have been made, to counteract the superstition of what is vulgarly called the *signs*, in regard to the proper season for performing several of the operations of husbandry. Whatever coincidence of circumstances may ordinarily occur, to render an operation seasonable, it must be deferred by a recurrence to the almanac, till the sun enter such, or such a sign ; otherwise, it is apprehended, disastrous consequences must ensue. In front of the almanacs, the human frame is improperly exhibited to view, with the arrangement of the twelve signs of the zodiac, corresponding to as many limbs and members of the body. The sign is then said to be in the *heart*, *head*, *feet*, &c. as the months of the year come round in their succession.

Now it probably will be found no light task to accomplish a conviction in the minds of many readers of almanacs, who, however, may not have given the subject much serious reflection, that all this parade about the *sign*, is *nothing :* I mean nothing to the purpose ; for something it certainly *is :* it is superstition. Scientific men know this to be so ; but scientific men do not always care to exercise their peculiar talents in the rugged warfare of reason against error ; as thereby they might incur the opposition and resentment of illiterate men, with little personal benefit. The uninformed class of mankind are indignant at the man who presumes to contradict their hasty tenets, and hesitates not to expose the ignorance in which they are held. But conduct like this is a cowardice, little removed from the degree of turpitude, which the superstition it tolerates, has incurred.

I could therefore wish to see our almanacs purged from such idleness as this, and more useful matter occupying its room. But for the information of such as have not much considered this subject, it may be sufficient to say, that the whole superstition of *the signs*, in the way they are ordinarily observed, has arisen from, and is a remnant of, the long since exploded science of *judicial astrology*. A man might as well pretend to calculate fortunes by the aspects of the stars, as to regulate husbandry by the *sign in the heart*, the moon in the full, putting seeds into the ground at midnight, &c.—It is the same thing, at least in *my* view, as the silly attempts made by some people to effect cures, the chill and fever, for example, the removal of warts, and other casualties, by an amulet, or charm of some kind. This, and the superstitious belief in witchcraft, necromancy, and the like, ought surely by this time to have been exiled from our notice.—I should like to know of those who confidently talk of the sign in such, or such a limb, or member, *why it is so?* To *me*, the arrangement of the signs to the several members of the human frame appears perfectly arbitrary, and unscientifical. Therefore when my neighbours tell me the sign is so, and so, I may reasonably call in question the fact ; by applying that sign to some other member of the body. I must undoubtedly have the same reason to do *this*, as they have to do *that*, with the exception singly of the *ipse dixit*, or assumed and unfounded authority of the almanac makers.

I am also opposed to the constant reiteration of the popish festivals, in our almanacs. These ought surely with us to have been long since obsolete. We are a protestant people ; and have little concern with Michaelmas, Christmas, Whitsuntide, Quinquegesima, St. John's day, and the like. In place of these popish anniversaries, I should be more pleased to see a calendar of what might be termed *natural* and *agricultural eras*. As we gain our knowledge of the future, and even our comparative estimate of the present, from the observation of the past, it would seem reasonable to date the weather, and other atmospherical phenomena, from an accurate observation of the preceding year. It is plain that an average estimate of the state of the thermometer for a number of years past, would form the proper *data* from which to judge of the coming year. Differences there undoubtedly would be ; but comparatively they would neither be numerous nor wide ; and would enable us to judge comparatively of the severity of the then current year ; the heat of the summer ; the forwardness of the spring, &c. And in time, by comparing a number of such average estimates, the question might be determined, whether our climate is sustaining, as is generally supposed, any material amelioration in cold, or change in any shape.—Besides this average estimate, I know no certain or satisfactory method of judging of the prominent features of the weather ; a thing every body is interested in, as every body admits it as a rational topic of discourse. Indeed I should rather see the common almanac estimate of the weather, a rude judgement from the memory as it is, than no estimate at all.

But what strikes me as a desideratum in our almanacs, and an omission in them altogether, more particularly is, the not giving us several important eras, of nature and husbandry.—When may the farmer expect the first apparent frost in autumn? When the last frost in the spring? What day forms the era of mid-winter? And what of mid-summer? When does the season of drouth commence, and when of wet ? or what day or month of the year is most subject to drouth, and rain? When is thunder and hail most prevalent? When does harvest begin ? When is it at its height ? and when is it concluded ? When is the first crop of clover cut? When is Indian corn planted ? and when is early, and when late corn-planting ? When are the several crops of less importance sown, and gathered in ? Particularly when is wheat sown ? and when is early sowing of wheat, and when late? The same enquiries might be extended, respecting the seasons of rye, barley, oats, hemp, flax, pease, buckwheat, and a variety of the agricultural, as well as of the horticultural productions ; information of the real practice of the country in cultivation of which, would be found very useful to many of less agricultural experience, as well as interesting to the man of science.—We might enquire also, what the era is, of ripe melons, peaches, &c. all to be answered agreeably to the latitude and climate we live in. In a word, the principal dates deduced from the actual practice of the country, and a careful observation of the seasons as they revolve,

would be what I should wish to see displayed in our almanacs, as well for the interest of the agriculturalist, as for the satisfaction of the philosophical, and curious.

T.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

To the Editors.

Having been referred to Anderson's Recreations and the Domestic Encyclopedia by N. O. a writer in your paper, as an avenue to future investigation, relative to my enquiry in No. 30 of the Evening Fire-side, I have taken the pains to examine the said works, but have not been able to find any thing upon the subject alluded to. It is true, I found a copious detail given of the staggers, but could discover no similarity between the symptoms of this disease, and that respecting which I am desirous of obtaining information.

AN INQUISITOR.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Messieurs Editors,

Perhaps you will aid the cause of humanity by inserting in your useful miscellany, the following cure for the phthisic.

Take three egg-shells—roast them by the fire till they are well brown—powder them, and add one half gill of molasses. After mixing it well, take two or three tea-spoonfuls night and morning. This simple potion has cured hundreds, and I doubt not will always prove of utility if applied in time. I was once cured of this inveterate disorder, when of four months continuance, by the above remedy, and a desire to make it generally known, induces me to send it to you for insertion. Yours,

A READER.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Messieurs Editors,

I have often enquired of those most likely to answer the queries, Why the rays of the sun put out a fire in a fire place, within doors, when their effects are different in the open air? and, why water which contains potatoes or other vegetables, boils much sooner than water alone? To neither of which I ever received a satisfactory answer. Perhaps some of your correspondents who have a leisure moment, will favour us with a philosophical reason.

A POOR SCHOLAR.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

"After the toils of the day have been gone through," and the hurry and bustle of business are over, how comfortable it is to retire in evening to the fire-side, and devote a little time to domestic enjoyments, or serious contemplation—to retrospect the scenes of the day, and view our progress through time. For, however the lawful concerns of life engross our attention, or absorb our mental faculties, while engaged in them, it is surely the part of wisdom—frequently to reflect on our situation "as creatures of a day"—as "tenants at will"—hastening to our final goal, and "destined inevitably to tread the path of death."—Such reflections may teach us to put a just estimate on the objects of time and sense, and prove a profitable balance to those corroding cares, and delusive pursuits, that are too apt to fill the mind, and waste the life of man.

SELECTED FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

To the Editors.

When the minister of the gospel proclaims the excellence of Religion, the sceptic cries out, "It is his trade;" when the poor illiterate man, with all the force of feeling, declares its comforts, the sceptic calls it superstition, says he is priest-ridden, &c. even when one of his own sect, in the agonies of expiring nature, renounces his proud tenets, and, with all the emphasis of conviction, begs for mercy of the Saviour he had blasphemed, the unbending sceptic, still linked to his errors, will have it to be nothing but nerve. But the following testimony of the all-importance of Religion, comes not from these sources—it is the free offering of the Poet Burns, given, not under the pressure of affliction or the rendings of remorse, but in the cool of the day, when he was in sympathy with a sorrowing friend, and engaged in pouring forth the language of consolation. If you think it suitable for the Fire-side, its admission will gratify

Your Friend,

EPSILON.

Religion, my dear friend, is the true comfort! A strong persuasion in a future state of existence; a proposition so obviously probable, that setting revelation aside, every nation and people, so far as investigation has reached, for at least near four thousand years, have in some mode or other, firmly believed it. In vain would we reason and pretend to doubt. I have myself done so to a very daring pitch; but when I reflected that I was opposing the most ardent wishes, and the most darling hopes of good men, and flying the face of all human belief, in all ages, I was shocked at my own conduct.

I know not whether I have sent you the following lines, or if you have ever seen them; but it is one of my favourite quotations, which I keep constantly by me in my progress through life, in the language of the book of Job,

"Against the day of battle and of war"—

spoken of.

RELIGION.

'Tis this my friend, that makes our morning bright,
'Tis this that gilds the horrour of our night.
When wealth forsakes us, and when friends are few—
When friends are faithless, or when foes pursue:
'Tis this that wards the blow, or stills the smart—
Disarms affliction, or repels his dart;
Within the breast bids purest raptures rise—
Bids smiling conscience spread her cloudless skies.

AN ATTIC MORSEL.

1.
This world is a well furnish'd table,
Where guests are promiscuously set;
We all fare as well as we 're able,
And scrabble for what we can get.

2.
My simile holds to a tittle;
Some gorge while some scarce have a taste;
But if I'am content with a little,
Enough is as good as a feast.

MORE LOVELY VIRTUE IN A LOVELY FORM.

What is beauty? 'tis a flower,
Transient as the passing shower,
As the dew-drop of the morn
Glist'ning on the tender thorn.

'Tis the rainbow of the sky,
Deck'd in tints of fancied dye:
'Tis the glow-worm's fading light
Quickly stealing from the sight.

See the rose with crimson cheek,
And the lily chaste and meek;
See the blossoms of the year,
They rise, they reign, then disappear.

If beauty's then a short-liv'd flower,
Guard with care each circling hour,
And the lustre of the mind
Wear with youth and charms combin'd.

Stormy winter, dost thou spare
Vi'let sweet, or cowslip fair?
Does thy blast its raging pow'r,
Soften to the drooping flow'r?

Age is winter; and his storm
Full oft doth strike the fairest form;
But the treasures of the heart
Withstand his keen uplifted dart.

An extract from the Writings of Jacob Duché.

When Julius Cæsar, in disguise, was crossing the sea in a little bark, it was suddenly overtaken by a storm, and well

nigh swallowed up in the waves. Observing the pilot's courage begin to fail, he proudly called out—Why art thou afraid? Know, timid man! that Cæsar is thy passenger.

With infinitely greater propriety may the Christian, in his darkest moments, address this language to his soul: Fear not, O my soul! Jesus Christ is embarked with thee upon the tempestuous ocean. What though the windows of heaven be opened for a storm; what though the fountains of the great deep be broken up for a flood; what though thou art oppressed with desertions from above, and afflictions from beneath; yet that God, who "sitteth in heaven, and ruleth over all," will not cast away "his own offspring:" "Christ in thee, the hope of glory," will not suffer thee to sink. The waves of the ocean swell, only to set thee nearer heaven; the tempest roars, only to alarm thy fears, and to make thee awaken thy master. Have confidence, then, in Jesus! Embarked with him, thou shalt escape all the perils of the voyage of life, and be landed safe on the shore of eternal bliss.

To the Editors of the Evening Fire-side.

The following description of the celebrated river Jordan, is taken from Maynard's Josephus. I believe it will prove acceptable to many of your readers if inserted in the Fire-side. Should our opinions coincide, by the publication of it, you will much oblige your friend

PHILO.

Jordan, river, rising from the lake of Phiala, enters the Samachonite lake, whence proceeding, it divides the sea of Tiberius, and thence discharges into the Dead sea.

The origin of its name (or names) is somewhat obscure. It being by far the principal stream of those parts, is by way of eminence, called the "River;" the rest in the country being comparatively mere brooks. It is remarkable that in harvest time it is most full, and apt to over-flow its banks, contrary to the general nature of rivers, which are fullest in winter; whence it may have been that some have imagined a subterranean communication, between it and the Nile. The Jordan from the accounts of modern travellers, seems very different from what it was formerly. Its stream is so strong and rapid, that a man cannot stem it by swimming. The dimensions are by no means large and the water is turpid, the natural consequence of its rapidity. It is very wholesome and incorruptible in its nature: was formerly fordable in some places, and may still be so. It seems also to have been formerly crossed in boats and ferries.

To the Editors of the Evening Fire-side.

Observing in some late papers of the Daily Advertiser, some account of Sir William Jones; and having in my possession a piece of writing concerning that great man, have thought it might aid the cause of Religion, and help to stop the current of Deism, so prevalent amongst us, if it were made public. Should the Editors of the Fire-side think well of it, it is at their service.

P.

CONCERNING SIR WILLIAM JONES.

Sir William Jones, through the course of his life, gave ample testimony of his belief of Christianity. His defence of the chronology of Moses, is preserved in the Asiatic Transactions. The last act of his life, was an act of homage to the Supreme Being: He died in a kneeling attitude in his closet, with his hands clasped together, and his eyes turned towards Heaven. His opinion of the sacred writings, we have in his own words, as follow:—"I have regularly, and attentively read the Holy Scriptures, and am of opinion, that this volume, independently of its divine origin, contains more sublimity and beauty, more pure morality, more important history, and finer strains of poetry and eloquence, than can be collected from all the books, in whatever age or language they may have been composed."

MEDICAL.

Deafness cured by puncture of the tympanum of the ear.

The following very interesting cure is communicated by M. Maunoir, an eminent Surgeon at Geneva, by whom it was performed, in a Letter dated Geneva, Sept. 5, 1804:

"Mr. F. of Geneva, aged 40 years, had lost his hearing several years ago, in consequence of a long affection of the posterior part of the internal sauces, & it was evident, that in this case the eustachian tubes were obliterated. In condensing the air in his mouth and nostrils, he was totally unable to distend the membrane of the tympanum, a thing which is very easy to do for any one who enjoys a perfect sense of hearing. He could scarcely hear even when you shouted in his ears: and although so long deaf, he had not acquired the faculty of understanding by the motion of the lips. After perusing the paper which I lately published in the Bibliotheque Britannique, Mr. F. conceived that he might be one of those in whom the hearing could be recovered by the perforation of the tympanum. On the 14th of July last I performed that operation on his right ear, in presence of Mr. Jurine, with a very small trocar, about one-eighth of an inch in diameter. At the instant that the instrument was withdrawn, we spoke to him in a low voice; but instead of answering he remained immovable in his chair, and seemed stupified. Then he exclaimed, "For God's sake gentlemen, don't cry out so loud: you hurt me." I then began to walk about the room. The squeaking of my boots made him shudder and jump in his chair; and he covered his ear with his hand. The snapping of the fingers quite distracted him, and seemed to produce upon him an effect similar to that of a pistol suddenly fired in the ear of a person not aware of it. When spoken to, though in a whisper, he complained that we spoke too loud. Yet in spite of this excessive sensibility to very inconsiderable noises, there were other sounds not less distinct, which he did not hear, even at a very little distance; such for instance as the ticking of his watch. So that his hearing seemed to be sometimes too dull, sometimes too acute; because, no doubt, the organ had lost the faculty of adjusting itself to the different modulations of sound. A week after this, however, Mr. F. had lost that excessive sensibility which rendered acute sounds almost intolerable to him, and in fact he had already again learnt to hear. He then wished to have the other ear perforated in the same manner. I performed this operation, but without effect. Twenty days after this second operation, Mr. F. called upon me. I examined his ears in a fine sun shine, and could see in the right ear the membrane of the tympanum traversed in its exterior part by a small cicatrix, having in its centre a small hole which was hardly perceptible. Yet the hearing was scarcely diminished since the first operation. Fearing that this small aperture might close itself entirely, Mr. F. desired that I would perforate again the membrane of that ear, an operation which was repeated without giving him any pain, but not without a slight increase of sensibility in his hearing. I afterwards examined the left ear, and

having placed the meatus in the direction of the sun's rays, I distinctly perceived a false membrane adhering to the whole circumference of the passage, and perfectly similar in its form and situation, to that of the tympanum; the distance between the two membranes being scarcely one-sixth part of an inch. I took off at once this false membrane, with a pair of tweezers, and discovered behind it the tympanum, quite sound and entire. I thought it probable that in the second operation I had only touched this false membrane. I immediately perforated the true one, and was surprized (as well as my brother, who attended this operation) to find that, although Mr. F. had already learnt again to hear with the right ear, yet the restoration of his hearing in the left occasioned in him the same effect of wonder and of excessive sensibility to the least unexpected noise, which he had experienced after the first operation.—This inconvenience, however, has not been of longer duration in this ear than it had been in the other."

A Dr. *Joseph Brevitt*, of Baltimore, has published an account of a cure he effected on one of his children (who was brought to the brink of the grave by the disorder most incident to children in summer time, flux and vomiting,) by making a strong tea of the common blackberry brier leaf, with a little milk and sugar added to make it palatable. On the second day after drinking it the disorder was stopped and the child recovered.—Its simplicity ought not to prevent its being tried—as there is frequently more virtue in simples in such cases, than in all the drugs a physician can administer.

The Dropsy cured.—A person who was prodigiously swelled with this disorder, put a large cup full of bohea tea into a teapot, steeped it, drank the liquor by degrees, and ate all the tea leaves in the course of the forenoon. The same experiment was repeated in the afternoon, and for the two succeeding days. On the second day the water began to decrease by natural evacuations, and on the third day it was totally dissipated.

Oil of Amber is strongly recommended for the Ague.—When the fit is coming on, nine drops are to be taken in a little tea; the quantity is to be increased two drops morning and evening, and to be continued till the complaint is removed, which generally happens in eight or ten days.

From the American Museum.

To prevent the fatal effects of drinking cold water, or cold liquors of any kind, in warm weather.

1st. Avoid drinking while you are warm: or,

2d. Drink only a small quantity at once, and let it remain a short time in your mouth before you swallow it: or,

3d. Grasp the vessel out of which you are about to drink, (provided it is made of glass, earthen ware, or metal) for a few minutes, with both your hands: for each of these substances conveys off a portion of the heat of the body, into the cold liquor; and thereby lessens the dangers which arise from the excessive heat of the body, and the coldness of the liquor: or,

4th. Wash your hands and face, and rinse your mouth well with cold water, before you drink.

KINE POCK.

It is most extraordinary, that, though this happy art of preventing the ravages of the small-pox took its rise in England, it has made a much more rapid progress in every other country of the world. In Paris 60,000 persons were vaccinated by the society in three months. In London not more than 12,911 persons have been inoculated by the society in three years!

AGRICULTURAL.

Covering the soil with a thick smothering crop of clover, tares, peas, &c. is found to enrich it far more than a summer's fallow. Old meadow land receives very little of the sun's rays, and some woodlands none; yet these are the richest soils all over the world, because the putresence of vegetable and animal matter, impregnates them with volatile phlogiston.

The American farmers loose a large part (in all probability one half) of their barn manure, by an injudicious management of it; while their tillage fields, left bare after two or three crops, are impoverished by the scorching rays of the summer's sun, which, in this country, is much more intense than in England.—How trifling would be the expense of enriching these fields (if fit for plaister) by laying them down, once in three or four years, to clover.

The death of cattle, which often happens in consequence of eating too freely of fresh clover, may be prevented by giving them, by means of a bottle or horn, a large handful of common salt dissolved in a pint of water.—*Or, what is perhaps better:*

Mix three gills sweet oil with one pound of melted butter, to be given as above directed—If this does not produce the desired effect in less than half an hour, repeat the same quantity—walk the cow gently about during this time.

This is a certain specific, if given soon after the animal begins to swell.

[*The following singular advertisement is recommended to notice.*]

TO DRAM-DRINKERS AND DRAM-SELLERS.

Whereas the subscriber, through the pernicious habit of drinking, has greatly hurt himself in purse and in person, and rendered himself odious to all his acquaintance; finding there is no possibility of breaking off from the said practice, but through impossibility to get liquor; he therefore begs and earnestly prays, that in future no person will sell him, either for money or on trust, any sort of spiritous liquors, as he will not in future pay for it—but will present any such one for an action of damages against the temporal and eternal interest of the public's humble, serious, sober servant,

JAMES CHALMERS.

[*Genius of Liberty.*]

The following advertisement is copied from the Kentucky Gazette. The society we believe is the first of the kind.

The society of Bachelors, for the promotion of matrimony, will meet at Traveller's Hall, on Wednesday evening next at 5 o'clock. The members are requested to be punctual in their attendance, as business of importance will come before them.

By order of the President.

Lexington, Dec. 22, 1804.

DEFINITION OF GRATITUDE.

At the institution of the *Deaf and Dumb*, in the street of the Observatory, No. 113, Paris, a question was put to a pupil of the Abbe Sicard, which would have puzzled any other person to have immediately resolved, although possessed of the perfect use of both his ears and his tongue, yet was instantly and elegantly answered in five words, by one who never enjoyed the use of either—*What is Gratitude?*—THE MEMORY OF THE HEART.

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

DOMESTIC.—Letters have been received from Captains Lewis and Clark, by express sent by them to the Commandant at St. Louis, with dispatches for the President of the United States.

These enterprizing young men set our from St. Louis, in Fifth month, 1804, to ascend and explore the Misssouri to its source, and thence to proceed to the Pacific ocean. The express left them at the Mandane nation of Indians, 1609 miles from the mouth of the river (where they had encamped during the winter season) preparing to proceed on their route. The party were in good health when the express came away—only one man died on the journey.

Many hordes of Indians live on and contiguous to the Missouri. Our travellers have been interrupted only once by them. The Soux nation are numerous, and are divided into several tribes, some of whom are at war with each other—those who live lowest on the river, were suspicious of our adventurers, fearing they were carrying supplies of arms and ammunition to their enemies;—some small presents and a little address reconciled them, and they consented to let the party proceed up the river.

The country adjoining the river is represented as being very fertile about 1000 miles; it then becomes poor and naked of timber.—It abounds with Buffaloe; and where the party passed their winter quarters, there were wild goats.

The river at the mouth is about one mile wide, very rapid—deep, and always muddy:—Where our travellers halted, it is represented as being a quarter of a mile wide, muddy, deep, and very rappid, but some shallow water had been discovered as they ascended.

The falls of the river is stated by the Mandane Indians to be about 600 miles above them, about 17 feet high, and are at the pass through the Rocky Mountain, which was in sight of their encampment.

Fine salt springs have been discovered; and great appearances of lead, copper, and iron mines.

Our travellers have procured an animal which is called the wild Dog of the Prairies. This animal is about the size of a cat, and have dens under ground. They have procured also two magpies, natives of that climate. The Indians say there are wild sheep to be found higher up the river about the falls. A horn of the mountain ram hath been procured of a monstrous size—the express states it to be as thick as the calf of the leg of a stout man—the length was not described. The dog, magpies, and remarkable horn, are in the possession of a capt. M'Clenlan, who has undertaken to carry them to the city of Washington to the President with the dispatches.

Some appearances of a volcano, has also been discovered; the earth was so hot, that after scratching away a little of the surface, it would burn the hand.

Many large streams run into the Missouri—the largest are on the south-west side.

The Mandane Indians have fine horses—yet make but little use of them,—using dogs to move their packs from camp to camp. In summer they move from the river; but in winter return to it, for convenience of procuring fire-wood, which is scarce and not good, being mostly cotton wood, which in appearance resembles the Lombardy poplar, but does not grow so high.

Our travellers experienced a severe winter, the snow was about two feet deep, and the ice did not break up till late in March. They purchased some horses from the Indians, and broke them for the purpose of hauling their fire-wood.

The beaver are said to be very numerous the Indians catch them by a snare made of the bark of trees.

The Indians tend some corn, which does not exceed four or five feet in height, and the ear shoots out about one foot from the ground.

"A letter from the Indiana Territory mentions, that the people of Upper Louisiana appear to be much pleased with the new mode of government which they are to come under next fall, agreeably to the late acts of congress.

"Six of captains Lewis and Clark's men have arrived at St. Louis, and about 20 Indians of different tribes, who have never been in a settlement of whites before. They live from 1000 to 1685 miles up the Missouri, and are on their way to see Mr. Jefferson, intending to leave these parts in a very short time.—When these men left captains Lewis and Clark, they were just about to leave their winter encampment, and pursue their journey to the Pacific Ocean, which they supposed to be about as much further off as they had gone from the mouth of the Missouri."

Mr. Harris's Journal of his Tour through the Territory North West of the Ohio.

We announce the publication of this valuable and entertaining work, with unmixed satisfaction. The Journal is distinguished by a strain of pleasing narrative, enriched by sentiment and enlivened by picturesque delineations of "the sublime and beautiful" in creation. The geographical part is a plain but satisfactory account of a region never before accurately described; but even this is relieved with occasional excusions, which shew that genius cannot be circumscribed with *a Gunter's scale*. The author's account of the *Antiquities of the state of Ohio*, discovers great ingenuity and learning, and must be highly interesting to every one who has the least curiosity to know *whence America was settled, and what hands reared those lofty works which rise in solitary grandeur in the Western wild.*

Every day brings new evidence of our increasing population. The extreme part of N. York state, which lays on the St. Lawrence, begins to boast of its advantages and settlements. Under the name of the county of St. Lawrence, it extends 60 miles on that river, which passes by Montreal and Quebec to the ocean. Above it, on Ontario, is Kingston, in Upper Canada. Ogdensburg is the centre of this county, in which a court-house is already built. This county town is at the place where the Oswegatchie empties into St. Lawrence. From hence the river is navigable to Montreal. The passage is from 3 to 6 days in going down the river, and 5 in ascending it. For four shillings, a barrel of flour may be shipped for Europe.—The turnpike from Albany to Utica, is finished, and is within 120 miles of Ogdensburg, and 26,000 dolls. have been granted by the Legislature for a road from the Mohawk to the St. Lawrence. Several mills have been erected already, and most favourable accounts are given of the climate and the soil.

[*Salem Register.*]

Don Jos. Cabrera has lately been tried before the Mayor's Court, and convicted of having counterfeited three checks on the Bank of Pennsylvania, in the name of the Marquis Yrujo, Spanish Minister. He was sentenced to two years imprisonment at hard labour, and a fine of 2000 dollars.

The Legislature of Massachusetts have unanimously rejected the amendment to the constitution of the United States proposed by Kentucky.

A vessel has arrived at New Castle, from the city of St. Domingo, having on board a number of French passengers, most of whom are sick.

Interments in the different burial grounds in the City and Liberties of Philadelphia, from the 6th to the 13th inst. Adults 30—Children 62—Total 92.

In the City of New-York during the same time. Adults 26—Children 33—Total 59.

In the City and precincts of Baltimore, during one week ending the 14th inst. Adults 10—Children 24—Total 34.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several original and selected pieces are received, some of which we design for our next number,—others are under consideration.

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